

THE MICHIGAN LIBRARIAN

October 1950

Published by the

MICHIGAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 16

NUMBER 3

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THE MICHIGAN LIBRARIAN

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE MICHIGAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

OCTOBER

1950

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NUMBER 3

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PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Greetings to all Michigan Library Association members at the beginning of a new year of work! It promises to be a busy year and a good one.

The Conference at Mackinac Island gave us opportunities to discuss items of mutual interest. The meetings were lively and discussions were worthwhile. The weather co-operated beautifully and those of us who attended felt that our time was very well spent. It is regrettable that the attendance was small.

Your new Executive Board is ready to administer the Association's program. Members of the Board are Marian C. Young, Detroit Public Library, President; Robert M. Orr, Grosse Pointe Public Library, President-Elect; Mrs. Nancy B. Thomas, Carnegie Library, Escanaba, 2nd Vice President; Dorothy E. Hiatt, Macomb County Library, Secretary; H. Glen Fitch, Hillsdale College Library, Treasurer; Dorothy Hansen, Michigan State Library, Member at Large (Professional Group); Thomas G. Long, Commissioner, Detroit Public Library, Member at Large (Trustee Group).

One of the high lights of the Conference was the announcement of a five hundred dollar gift to the Association from Mr. and Mrs. Fyan. In her letter about the gift Mrs. Fyan said, "This is to be used during 1951 and 1952 for some specific project which will contribute to the broader aspects of planning for better libraries in Michigan. I have in mind such possibilities as the hiring of a specialist to outline what a survey of library conditions should cover, obtaining outstanding speakers or consultants to discuss cooperative or regional library services, or helping a specific area of the state with a campaign for a county or regional library. These are only suggestions, for I do not want to limit the Executive Board of the association in deciding how the money can best be used within the general field of planning." We know that this gift will be most helpful to the association and hope that it can be used wisely to further our program in the state.

Appointments to the many committees which carry on the actual work of the association are being made. It is only through the cooperative efforts of all of us that the Michigan Library Association can move forward. We are grateful to the many people who have helped by suggesting names of members who should be considered for various committees. The annual "Who's who" of the association will be published in December.

A number of librarians attended the conference held by the Michigan Youth Commission in East Lansing on September 14-15; Mrs. Margaret Wylie, our Executive Secretary, is the Michigan Library Association delegate on the Advisory Council of the Commission. It is important for librarians to study the recommendations of the commission and to be vocal in urging that library needs for children and youth be adequately recognized in the final report and at the White House Conference. The chairman of the Michigan Youth Commission is Mrs. Margaret Price, P.O. Box 278, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Marian C. Young
President

"All officers shall be members of the Association." From Article VI, Section 2, Constitution and By-Laws, Michigan Library Association.

"Sections shall be composed only of Association members." From Article VII, Section 1, Constitution and By-Laws, Michigan Library Association.

Copies of the MICHIGAN LIBRARY DIRECTORY are available from Mrs. Wylie, the Executive Secretary of M.L.A., at 25¢.

NOTICE—November 1 is the deadline for the December MICHIGAN LIBRARIAN.

HISTORIC MACKINAC ISLAND

By W. F. Doyle*

As Chairman of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, I am honored upon this occasion. I deem it a fine tribute to the State of Michigan and to the governing body of this property to have its presiding officer selected to address such an outstanding gathering of the intellect of Michigan.

One could write volumes and talk for countless hours on the broad general subject of Mackinac Island. It is necessary, however, tonight to trim our sails and select from the wide field of available information a few specific categories regarding this historic and romantic island, nestled far off in the calm of the north country shielded by waters Longfellow beautifully described as "The Shores of Gittchigumee".

Although I devote a great deal of time and energy to the affairs of Mackinac Island, my particular business has to do with the making of laws — of state finance — and of subjects emanating from the Michigan legislature. Because of that training and experience it is natural that my mind, in the preparation of any paper, runs to the constitutional provision that requires that no object shall be embraced in a law which has not been clearly set forth in its title.

Applying this rule, I shall attempt to review the following subjects:

1. The early creation of Mackinac Island as a settlement.
2. The commerce of the Island throughout its various stages of development.
3. The unique political structure of Michigan.
4. The preservation of its historic property.
5. And largely because of the profession of my listeners, I shall deal briefly with books that have been written about the Island and authors who have centered their interest on this area for inclusion in the library of world history.

The "white men" early came to the shores of Mackinac Island from Canada. Missionaries led the way followed by a horde of traders. The actual contact between the "white men" and the Indians was thus established.

There are some sad commentaries in the history of these experiences and the subsequent conquest of a gallant race — the American Indian.

Recorded history of Mackinac Island takes us back to that period of 1634 and 35 when Jean Nicolet, a Frenchman in the employ of Samuel Champlain, accompanied by Huron Indians, passed through the Straights of Mackinac on a voyage which was planned to find a shorter, more direct route to the orient, but which actually terminated at Green Bay, Wisconsin. We do not know definitely whether Nicolet actually stopped at the Island. In an effort to commemorate that particular incident and that period of time, the Park Commission some years ago erected a small tablet which is located on the high point directly above Arch Rock on the eastern side of the Island. You will visit that monumental stone when you enjoy the favorite and famous horse and buggy ride through the Park.

Three years after this early voyage, a famous person was born in the town of Laon, France, christened Pierre Marquette. He was destined to become the most important leader in the early history, settlement and conversion of the middlewest Indian to the doctrines of Christianity.

At the early age of 32 Father Marquette came to what is now the Upper Peninsula of Michigan as a successor to Allouez at Chequamegon. Allouez apparently knew something of Mackinac as evidenced by the fact that his memoirs disclose correspondence with his superior, Father Dablon, also a French missionary leader. Allouez in his letter frequently mentioned the Island of Michilimackinac.

Incidentally, before I go farther, let me admonish each of you that the proper pronunciation of this Island and this area is M-A-C-K-I-N-A-W, not M-A-C-K-I-N-A-C. The original Indian pronunciation and spelling was MISHI-LI-MACK-E-NONG. The early French and Canadian pronunciation became MISHI-LI-MACK-I-NAW, later shortened to Mackinac.

You may wonder why the different spellings:

The Island, the Straits and the County are all spelled M-A-C-K-I-N-A-C, pronounced M-A-C-K-I-N-A-W. The little village across the Straits is Mackinaw City. Also pronounced

*Mr. Doyle delivered this address at the opening session at Mackinac.

"AW", but spelled M-A-C-K-I-N-A-W. That distinction in spelling was made only for the purpose of differentiating for the benefit of postal and railroad authorities. There is only one way to pronounce Mackinac and that is Mackinaw.

Marquette had become a great friend and benefactor to the Huron Indians. Many of them, defeated in battle, fled to the Island and Marquette followed them there in 1671. He played an important part as trusted advisor when the Island and the entire County of Mackinac, a vast area extending from Bay City to the Wisconsin border, became an outpost under the flag of France. The ceremony completed, Marquette transferred his activities from the Island to what is known as Point Iroquois on the mainland. There he founded the Mission of St. Ignatius.

At this period in the history of our development, after France acquired title to the territory, the explorer, Louis Joliet, arrived at the Mission to join Marquette on an exploration to the Mississippi River. All Joliet's papers were lost when his canoe overturned in the St. Lawrence on his return. What may have developed into a tremendously important chapter in world history was terminated by the sudden death of Marquette at the early age of 38, though his extensive reports reached his headquarters in France. His death took place on the shores of Lake Michigan, just north of Marquette River in what is Now Mason County.

As you commence your carriage ride tomorrow, you will pass the monument honoring this great explorer in Marquette Park. It was erected with pennies, nickels and dimes contributed by Michigan school children. It is maintained by the Park Commission as a memento to one of the greatest men who lived and worked on this Island. Time does not enable me to deal at greater length with the monumental contributions made by Father Marquette to western civilization.

The second point in my discussion, Mackinac's early commerce, developed and flourished with the missions.

Because of its strategic location — close to the mainland on either side, protruding several hundred feet above the shore level — the Island, by its topography, was a natural bastion for storing and protecting the skins of the fur bearing animals of this North Country. So important was the Island to the commerce of the world that the Hudson Bay Company, the original fur trading post of North America, was established here. Thousands of Indian trappers came from all parts of the northwest to the Island to trade their pelts — sometimes for money, sometimes for food and many times for whisky.

A great industry developed. By political maneuvering at Washington, John Jacob Astor and his associates formed the American Fur Company, obtained a charter from Congress, and literally evicted from operation their predecessors. Even in those early days, the intrusion of government into the affairs of commerce becomes evident.

As you leave the hotel tomorrow on your "old dobbin" trip through the Island, you will pass the buildings, warehouse and trading post of the American Fur Company, preserved almost in their original likeness and open to inspection by all who visit the community.

The fur trading industry introduced a great era of social life. The management, the agents and the executives of that establishment built their homes and branched out into other forms of commerce. Significantly, the brother of the President of the United States (Franklin Pierce) was commandant of the Fort during this period.

In a small building just beyond the Astor property there is what is commonly referred to as the Old Earley House, on the corner just back of the main street. No more important chapter in medical history has ever been written than that stemming from the accident occurring in that building where Alexis St. Martin was shot.

Immediately following a full charge of buckshot, fired into his abdomen, a young doctor, William Beaumont, then assigned to Fort Mackinac by the United States Army, was called to the scene of the accident. There appeared to be no hope to save the life of the voyageur. Beaumont administered his crude first aid, and a day or so later removed the patient to his office which is still preserved within the walls of the Fort. It was there he performed his great experiments. For many years he paid St. Martin from his meager earnings for the privilege of studying the intestinal workings and effects of the gastric juices upon food. Needless to say the medical fraternity of the world recognizes the astounding contribution this young army doctor made to the knowledge of digestion.

It is the earnest hope of the Commission that one day we may sufficiently interest the people of Michigan in raising funds to restore this most historic structure which we were able

(Continued on page 17)

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SECTION MEETINGS

ADULT EDUCATION SECTION

The Adult Education Section of the Michigan Library Association met at breakfast in the Pontiac Room of the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, on Friday, September 1, 1950. Otto Yntema, Chairman, presided. Lucille Harwick was appointed secretary pro tem in place of Mr. Quinly, who has moved from the state.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and approved, the report of the Nominating Committee was called for. It was moved by Mr. Helms that a unanimous ballot be cast by the Secretary for the candidates nominated by the committee. The motion was approved. Officers elected were:

Vice-Chairman and Chairman-elect —

William Chait, Kalamazoo Public Library

Secretary — Dora Schermer, Holland Public Library

Mr. Yntema distributed copies of the pamphlet, "You Can Plan That Meeting," outlining adult education activities which can be planned and carried out even by libraries which are small and possessed of limited resources. The pamphlet was published through the efforts of the Adult Education Board of the American Library Association, and a Subcommittee on Planning whose chairman was Miss Ruth Warncke. Mr. Yntema served as a general consultant and made the joint publication of the guide possible. Distribution will be through the State Library.

Another pamphlet, "Handling Controversies by Public Discussion," prepared by a committee of the Michigan Council on Adult Education, was distributed and discussed by Mr. Yntema. Copies can be obtained from the Michigan Department of Public Instruction, Lansing, Michigan.

Activities were suggested by which the section might forward its program during the coming year. Some discussion of these resulted in the appointment of a committee to give consideration to an interim meeting of the Adult Education Section. Mr. Kenneth Knight, Lansing Public Library, the incoming Chairman, named the following members to serve with him on such a committee: Mr. Chait; Claxton Helms of Allegan; John Lorenz, State Library; and Mrs. Helen Boothe of Grosse Pointe. The sense of the meeting was that future programs sponsored or actually put on by the section might well demonstrate operation and use of newer audio-

visual devices as well as approved adult education techniques. The meeting then adjourned to the Club Room for the first general session.

The Adult Education Section demonstrated adult education devices and techniques in its presentation of aspects of the Public Library Inquiry at two successive general sessions. The first dealt with some of the findings presented by Berelson's *The Library's Public*; the second with some of the results reported in Garceau's *The Public Library in the Political Process*. Charts, socio-dramas and discussions were all used.

Kenneth Knight, Chairman

CATALOG SECTION

The Michigan Regional Group of Catalogers held its spring luncheon meeting at the Engineering Society of Detroit on June 9, 1950. Seventy-two members were present.

Mrs. Frances J. Brewer, Detroit Public Library, president, gave a brief report of the period since the group's last meeting. The group will have no separate program during the meeting of the Michigan Library Association at Mackinac Island this summer; officers for the coming year were chosen by a mail ballot. Mrs. Brewer suggested that work could be found for a membership and archives committee in rounding up and weeding old records for the use of officers and nominating committees. Mrs. Brewer announced that Miss Lillian Eross, Detroit Public Library, has taken over the work on the Michigan list of state author headings.

Mr. Benjamin A. Custer, Detroit Public Library, reviewed the work of the Division of Cataloging and Classification, as presented during the A.L.A. midwinter meeting in Chicago.

Miss Madeleine B. Dunn, Detroit Public Library, presented Miss Esther A. Smith, formerly head of the catalog department at the University of Michigan. Miss Smith spoke on the history of the A.L.A. Division of Cataloging and Classification, now fifty years old, and of the Michigan Regional Group, first organized in 1925 with Miss Ruth McCulloch, then at the Flint Public Library, as its first chairman.

A panel discussion on "Public Services and Catalog Departments — Conflict or Cooperation?" was presented by Miss Virginia A. Alexander, Michigan State Library, Miss Elsie Gordon, Detroit Public Library, Mr. Robert Orr, Grosse Pointe Public Library, Mr. Roy Schlinkert, Detroit Public Library,

Mr. Victor A. Schaefer, University of Michigan Library, and Mr. Clarence Weaver, Grand Rapids Public Library. Mr. William Chait, Kalamazoo Public Library, served as moderator.

The new officers for 1950/51 are:

President:

Clarence L. Weaver, Chief
Catalog and Order Department
Public Library, Grand Rapids

Secretary-Treasurer:

Miss Virginia A. Alexander, Head
Catalog and Order Departments
State Library, Lansing

Director, 1950-54:

Taisto J. Niemi, Assistant Cataloger
Western Michigan College, Kalamazoo
Constance Rinehart, Secretary

COLLEGE LIBRARY SECTION

The College Library Section held its annual business meeting at Mackinac Island on the first of September. A summary of the year's work was presented by the president. This included:

1. The appointment of an advisory committee to work with the State Library in planning for the collecting and publishing of statistics for colleges and universities in Michigan for the year 1949-1950.
2. The collection of news items featured in the June issue of the *Michigan Librarian*. The response to this request for news was gratifying, and while all colleges did not respond, more material was received than could be used for the one issue.

The following officers were elected for the year 1950-1951:

President: Catherine O'Connell, Reference Librarian, Central Michigan College

Secretary-Treasurer: Margery M. Owen, Associate Order Librarian, University of Michigan

Phoebe Lumaree, President

COUNTY LIBRARY SECTION

The County Library Section held two breakfast meetings on Friday and Saturday, September 1 and 2. Both sessions were principally concerned with the section project of the formulation of library standards. During the past year the Standards Committee has held four committee meetings and sponsored a general section meeting on this subject at Gladwin in June. While considerable ground has been covered the committee work is still unfinished, and the Standards Committee was

instructed, by action of the section, to continue its study for a later report.

The section project of the compilation and publication of the Michigan County Library Handbook which has taken several years to accomplish was finished early in 1950 and copies of this work are in the hands of all Michigan County Librarians. The section in its general March meeting at Mason also adopted a set of By-Laws.

The nominating committee of the section reported the following slate of officers for 1950-51:

Dorothy Hiatt, Macomb County,
Chairman

Dena Babcock, Menominee County, Vice-Chairman

Maud Grill, Jackson County, Secretary-Treasurer

Election will be held by a mail ballot.

Maud Grill, Secretary-Treasurer

HOSPITAL LIBRARIES SECTION

On Friday, September 1, a table was reserved in the main dining room of the Grand Hotel at Mackinac Island for a meeting of the Hospital Libraries Section. An informal discussion and election of officers for the new year filled the brief time allotted for business sessions of the sections. Suggestions were made for a program in 1951 which might prove of interest and help to librarians who anticipate establishing hospital library service in their communities. Discussion of how to contact such prospective members of the section followed the suggestions. One of the chief objectives for the new year is to stimulate interest for a larger meeting of the section in 1951. The officers chosen for next year are:

Chairman: Alice E. Forward,

Maybury Branch,

Wayne County Library, Northville.

Secretary: Mrs. Mary Thompson, Bacon Memorial Library, Wyandotte.

Alice E. Forward, Chairman

MICHIGAN JUNIOR LIBRARIANS

At the annual business meeting of the Michigan Junior Librarians held at the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island, September 1, during the annual meeting of the Michigan Library Association, the outgoing chairman, Forrest Alter, announced that the following officers had been elected to serve during 1950-1951:

Chairman — Ruth Hauser

Vice-Chairman — Martha Schulz

Secretary-Treasurer — Doris Detwiler

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At the very successful State Rally held at St. Mary's Lake Camp on June 3 and 4, the Juniors adopted a new constitution. The most radical change in the new constitution was the adoption of the name "Michigan Junior Librarians" in place of "Junior Members Round Table of the Michigan Library Association." The new name is one that has been in general use when speaking of the organization. The group remains as a round table of MLA as well as being a chapter of the Junior Members Round Table of the American Library Association.

Forrest Alter, Chairman

**SCHOOL AND CHILDREN'S
LIBRARY SECTION**

The first annual business meeting of the combined sections — School and Children's Library Section of M.L.A. — met for a breakfast meeting in the Terrace Room of the Grand Hotel, Friday, September 1, at 8:00 A.M.

Lucille Prange, current chairman of the School and Library Section, opened the meeting. She asked the group if they would like to dispense with the minutes and committee reports until business on the Constitution and nominations was finished. The group assented.

Dorothy Hansen presented the report of the Constitution Committee and moved that the Constitution be adopted with corrections as to be read by Lucille Prange and Louise Singley. Pat Brown seconded the motion.

After the Constitution was read, it was unanimously accepted.

Mrs. Mildred Adams gave the report of the Nominating Committee:

Chairman — Beulah Bock, Lansing

Vice-Chairman — Grace Winton, Detroit

Alice Pearsall, Bay City

Secretary-Treasurer — Eleanor Burgess,

Grand Rapids

Laura Steese, Flint

Leona Hough and Mate Graye Hunt, tellers, passed the voting ballots.

In the meantime, the business meeting continued: Minutes of the School and Children's Library Sections were read by Eugenia Schmitz and Dorothy Rozek, respectively.

Committee reports for the School Section were given:

Standards Committee — Grace Winton

Coordinating Committee — Leona Hough

Membership Committee — submitted by

Donna Perrine

Publications Committee — Esther Ham

Program Committee — Clare Gale
Report of the Teacher Librarian's Institutes:

Houghton Lake, May 1950 — Madge Gaylord, Harrisville

Possible meeting in the Upper Peninsula — Helen Clark, Chairman

St. Mary's Lake, September 22-24

Lucille Prange gave her annual report. Motion to accept these reports was made by Clare Gale.

Committee reports for the Children's Section were given:

Personnel, Educational and Training Committee — submitted by Virginia Keltz

Book Committee — submitted by Jean Hunter

Program Committee — Miriam Wessel

Publicity Committee — submitted by Mrs. Jewell Mansfield

Marian Young reported of the newly appointed White House Conference on Children and Youth Committee and that it was working with the A.L.A. White House Committee.

Results of the election were announced by Leona Hough as follows:

Chairman — Beulah Bock, Lansing

Vice-Chairman — Grace Winton, Detroit

Secretary-Treasurer — Eleanor Burgess, Grand Rapids

Miss Singley summarized the year's activities of the Children's Section.

The meeting was adjourned at 9:30 A.M.

Dorothy Rozek, Secretary-Treasurer

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE 1950 ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING

Introduction of newly elected officers:

First Vice-President (President-elect) —

Robert M. Orr

Second Vice-President — Mrs. Nancy B. Thomas

Secretary — Dorothy E. Hiatt

Treasurer — H. Glen Fitch

Member-at-Large (Professional Group) — Dorothy Hansen

Member-at-Large (Trustees Group) — Thomas G. Long

Liberalization of the policy of payment of expenses recommended:

The special committee appointed to present a motion for discussion proposed that "the Association empower the Executive Board to authorize payment of hotel bills in addition to transportation when the Executive Board thinks such payment will benefit the Association and when the financial situation permits." The motion carried.

Request for the authorization of a state library survey by the Planning Committee:

The Chairman of the Planning Committee moved that "in order to lay the very best foundation for intelligent State-wide planning, the M.L.A. authorize its Executive Board to request the State Legislature to provide funds for an objective impartial survey of library conditions, particularly relative to the financial structure of counties and municipalities; the Executive Board to determine the best circumstance under which to present the request." The motion carried.

Salary, Staff and Tenure Committee's report: Recommended that the work of this committee as a whole and its recommendations be discussed at the district meetings next year.

Re-arrangement of District divisions of the Michigan Library Association:

It was recommended that the problem of re-arrangement of districts and the plan proposed by the Redistricting Committee be presented at the district meetings. It was suggested that the *Michigan Librarian* (See p. 10) print maps of the present district

(Continued on page 14)

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Richard Chase on the front seat with Louise Singley on his right, Lucille Prange on his left.
 Next seat: Marian Young, Miriam Wessel, Dorothy Rozek.
 Third seat: Mabel Fulton, Charlotte Dunnebacke
 Back seat: Eleanor Ferguson, Mildred Hulme

OUR CULTURAL HERITAGE

Abstract of his talk at Mackinac

*Supplied by Richard Chase**

America has many cultures. There is no over-all pattern that can be called absolutely "American". Even the American Indian's culture was broken up into many languages, many differing customs and traditions. My work has been with the folklore of one section, that of the English-speaking region of the Southern Appalachian Mountains. This basic English-American culture is, of course, not confined just to this one area. English ballads have been collected in many states.

One of the most important figures in this field was Cecil Sharp, whose two-volume *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachian Mountains* will be familiar to many librarians. Mr. Sharp's introduction to this work has a section "The cultural significance of the tradition" which I highly recommend as a clear statement, a statement that leaves no room for any misunderstanding of the meaning of the word "folk". This word has nowadays unfortunately acquired most confusing usages. The other day a local radio announcer here in the mountains said, "Now this, neighbors, is the folk song hit of the week" — and out came the worst kind of hillbilly music, the kind concocted by some city-billy in Tin Pan Alley.

Let me give two examples of how the English-American tradition works: At one of the White Top Festivals a fiddler named Hezekiah Pigge played a tune that he had learned from his father and grandfather. John Powell took the tune down, and later when he began to trace the tune he found it in Chappell's *English Music of the Olden Time* and the name of the tune as given there was "Mr. Pigge's Tune".

And here in this part of Virginia there is a tale known by word-of-mouth called "Like Meat Loves Salt". It is about an old king who had three girls. He called them to him one day and asked them each how much they loved him. The two oldest girls talked big, but they were just puttin' on. The youngest really loved her old father and she answered, "I love you like meat loves salt." — The King Lear pattern is already apparent to you; but the astonishing facts are that this word-of-mouth tale has all the elements as used by Shakespeare in his play — the madness, the crown made of "bresh" — and other bits of sheer magic that are found on none of the Old World parallels. The tale was widely known in Europe for centuries, as is shown in Cox's great work *Cinderella*, a book which deals with the three types of this tale. All three types appear in my *Grandfather Tales*.

When America develops her great art forms it may be that this rebirth will find its roots in this kind of tradition. As John Powell has said, "This tradition has the greatest significance; for it is a vital part of that culture without which art is impossible." I feel that a new understanding of great art, and of the uses of art in a democracy, will result from knowledge of the folk arts of our people. The folk traditions of America — once they are known in their genuine forms — give us a cultural integrity that enables us to see the basic values in all fine art.

*Speaker at the School and Children's Library Section Luncheon at Mackinac.



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THE LIBRARIAN AS TEACHER

By Warner G. Rice*

During the last ten years, as I have enlarged my acquaintance with young librarians, I have come close to believing that the goal toward which all strive is the Reference Department, where the aristocracy of the profession presumably resides. The fledgling graduate who comes to me seeking employment almost always professes a desire (and a competence) for "working with the public," and will accept an assignment to cataloging or circulation only if he is first convinced that this is a necessary step toward the Main Reading Room. The reasons for this preference are doubtless complex; but one of them, I am sure, is the genuine interest which most of us have (and should have) in the direct encouragement and aid of those who seek learning. To promote knowledge is certainly the library's great function: to do so directly gives great satisfactions. It is not surprising therefore, if, in recent decades, librarians have been seeking to become more than the custodians and arrangers of books, and to take an active part in the educational process.

It goes without saying that reference librarians have all been thoroughly taught their responsibilities for teaching in the narrower professional sense, for making users of catalogs and bibliographies proficient in the control of those tools and techniques which the labor, diligence and ingenuity of catalogers and bibliographers have made available to them. But librarians are now concerned with education in a broader sense as well, — especially with what is called Adult Education. It is this wider education which most of us find particularly interesting and challenging. But before I come to this subject — and it is my principal theme — I wish to remind you of some developments which have to be taken into account if my conclusions are to be put in proper perspective.

For strange things have happened, during the last half-century, to education, or at least to Education, as it is now taught and studied and discussed. Since 1900, Education has attracted to itself all kinds of things, and gone through many changes. It has been made Progressive; it has been liberalized; it has been socialized, and it has been vocationalized. Its limits are difficult to define, and its sphere of action appears to be as wide as the world. Our schools and colleges and universities are

developing into a network of service stations; they are not limited to the giving of instruction — they look after the diet, the health, the sanity, the manners, the social activities, the recreation, the housing, the family relationships, the vocational direction of our young and not of our young only, since Michigan, at any rate, prides itself in Institutes devoted to the subject of Living in the Later Years. Like the American drug store, they undertake to supply almost anything that any customer can want. And perhaps they suffer, accordingly, from some lack of specific function. Yet while this expansion has been going on, there has also been an inner drive toward specialization. It was once thought, for example, that a good teacher could function as a preceptor, as a guide, philosopher, and friend. It is not so now. The teacher has been split off from the expert in testing, from the academic counsellor, from the vocational expert. We have developed all sorts of techniques, and each race of technicians stands apart from all others, each secure in its specialty and jealous of it. We have developed complicated machines, and we have raised up a race of managers to oversee the running of them. In education, as in government, this is the Age of Administrators.

Is it impertinent to remark that what is true of our schools is true also of our libraries? That they, too, have become multi-form, complex, constantly pushing out into new activities, inventing new functions, developing a score of specialties, competing for attention and support by claiming that they can and must perform many services in the interests of the public welfare, and to attract the public support that is properly theirs? I believe that these things are true; and I should like to examine some of their implications.

We undertake more and more: what do we accomplish? Well, we have all heard of the inquiry into the state of public libraries, and no doubt most of the members of this group have studied its results attentively. As you know, a part of the investigation was carried on by members of our own staff at Michigan, so that we in the University have had a chance to follow it with considerable closeness. I confess to some disappointment and discouragement as I read the results. Apparently few people, comparatively speaking, come to libraries for books. Those who come come only

* Dr. Rice, Director of the University of Michigan Libraries, gave this address at the spring meeting of the Reference Section in Ann Arbor.

if it is convenient to do so. When they arrive, they fail to use our services to the full. Only occasionally do they ask questions. Most of them have never heard about the card catalogs which we labor so hard to perfect. Those who know that catalogs exist rarely consult them. As for current bibliographies, indexes, reference books, government documents — they might almost as well be on the moon, for all the good they do. The discouraging statistics tell us that few Americans read a book a month — but according to the record our countrymen average two movies a week, and a recent article in *Harper's* informs us that school children spend some twenty-seven hours weekly in front of television sets — more hours than they spend in classrooms.

Now of course this has suggested to many persons — teachers and librarians as well — that if the radio, television, movies, the comic book and the penny-dreadful novelette are so attractive, fire should be used to fight fire and the "lessons" taught by the growing popularity of these painless methods of communication should be adopted by us — for beneficent purposes, of course.

We are thus doubly tempted — first, by a desire to make the community aware of all sorts of interests potentially valuable to it (better housing, care of the mentally handicapped, the incidence of taxation, the Far Eastern question, the delights of literature, bird watching, gardening, etc., etc.) which leads us to sponsor and support lectures, movies, club programs, forums, and the like; and second, by a hope that results can be easily, entertainingly, and painlessly achieved by the use of devices old and new which acquaint the public with things they ought to know without more than a minimum of effort on the public's part.

It is not indiscreet, in this assembly, to suggest that we are in part motivated, in the creation of our programs, by a belief, — well-founded, no doubt, — that we must work hard to improve our public relations as a means of obtaining adequate support. Over this point I pass lightly with the remark that I think I understand pretty well the need for self-advertisement in a competitive world, and by no means object to activities which bring our work to the attention of the community and promote a friendly attitude on the part of law-makers and budget committees.

I do ask, however, whether we have thought carefully enough about the essential meaning of education when we develop some of the

programs which we call educational. I ask whether we have examined ends and means; for I am not at all sure that we are always taking the best line in our endeavors to make an intelligent being more intelligent.

Certainly I have become conscious, during a lifetime spent in teaching, of a failure that goes very deep in the cultural life of this country. We are an eager and impatient people. We want things done in a hurry, and with a minimum of effort. Our efficiency, our labor-saving devices, are the wonder of the world. But precisely for this reason we sometimes fail to discriminate. We use calculating machines instead of our brains, and boast that we do not need to know how to add. And perhaps, by a false analogy, we proceed to a mistaken understanding about the life of the mind and of the human spirit.

Not so long ago my teen-age daughter reported to me that her entire school day had been spent in looking at moving pictures, of which no fewer than five had been exhibited for her edification. Surprised, I asked which one she had liked best. "Oh" said she, "the one about the G-men who caught the robbers." "And in what class was that shown?" I asked. "In arithmetic." "And why?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I think it was to show us about forged checks and the way the detectives find out about them." "What did you learn?" "Not much, father; but oh, boy, it was exciting when one fellow bopped another with a piece of pipe!"

This is a true anecdote, and it is significant. Here were thrills, stimulation, a safe and easy kind of vicarious experience, a sort of learning. As to its value, I say nothing: the point is that the stimulus was external, that it was given, not earned. And is this not often the case? Are we not all too ready to accept an intellectual massage when what we would really profit by is a calisthenic exercise of the mind and of our moral nature, by the effort not only to acquire information but to realize and savor some significant experience by the disciplined effort of our powers?

I am inclined to think so. I am not friendly to surveys, and gossip lectures about books or the intimacies of greenrooms and Hollywood boudoirs, or the slick vaticinations of commentators who would make our minds up for us about economic or political affairs. I want something more strenuous, something that will make us genuinely self sufficient and intellectually self-reliant.

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of such achievements. In England, in Europe from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean, many of them have been — and are. In theory, we should be their equals, at least; for certainly we believe that freedom, independence of judgment, a self-reliant individualism, lie at the very heart of democracy, and are specifically American virtues. But can we say that any considerable fraction of our population *experiences* these things? As I look about me, I answer in the negative. In a time of national crisis we are lethargic and ostrich-like, hoping that we can find diversions and occupations which will enable us to forget or ignore the ugly facts of our world society, and that a Providence in which we have not the courage to believe will save us. We confess to muddle and frustration as though these were inevitable. We vaguely hope for leadership and complain that we have it not while we neglect the first essential in the discovery of leadership, of what Carlyle called the Hero, — that is, the search for some spark of the heroic in ourselves.

We need to make some affirmations if we are not to reconcile ourselves to a future in which we are dominated by propaganda and

dictators, if we are not to succumb like the feebly struggling protagonist of Orwell's 1984 and end by loving Big Brother. And we can make these affirmations only if we recover those qualities which good men have had, and which good men can still have, — intellectual and moral integrity and dignity.

We shall not arrive at such results if we continue to trust to the moulding forces which the kind of educational effort to which I have somewhat repetitiously referred prevails. There is nothing really malign in the intentions of those who make use of the new science and the new technologies to work upon our minds and imaginations. But many of them wish to bend us to their purposes, and in the last analysis to weaken our powers of judgment and independent action. We are invited, in a thousand subtle ways, to be patient and receptive rather than active, questioning, and independent.

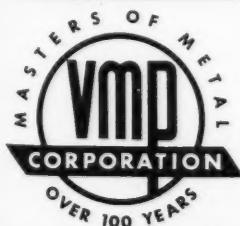
In such a development no self-respecting librarian wishes to play a part. Let us, then, be on our guard. As we plan our own library programs and participate in community affairs, let us always be watchful lest we fall in with methods which result in weakening, rather

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than strengthening the individual. We must encourage the athletic approach, not the spectator attitude. Perhaps it follows that we must be content with small gains, if only we can be sure that they are genuine. Most teachers learn painfully, but learn at last, that they can not engineer any easy roads to learning, that they will never be traffic directors, that at best they can be guides.

And so I end with the injunction which some of you doubtless by this time expect. We must ourselves be educated if we would educate others. We must be, not managers of affairs, but humane citizens who provide examples for emulation. There is a story to the effect that a Mexican librarian, the curator of a great collection, directed that no books be cataloged until he had read them. Of course he could not keep up; the piles of volumes grew until they overflowed his desk, and at length, his office. He had attempted the impossible; yet in his quixotic way he had the right idea; he wanted to know his books. Another tale, better authenticated, relates how a college librarian in our country kept his accessions book. He dutifully made entries on the numbered lines; but feeling himself irresistibly drawn to poetry, he also used the book for fair copies of his verses. In consequence

his successor found the library statistics all awry — but how can a man use a clean white page better than for the inditing of a sonnet? We are rightly amused at the aberrations of such misguided eccentrics; but we must not overlook their fundamentally humane instincts.

Let us, by all means, hold to our faith in, our enthusiasm for, working to enlighten and instruct, and even edify. But let us not yield to the urge to have the fine name without the fine thing, to plan with an eye simply to publicity, or to let entertainment become a substitute for education. Let us, most of all, exhibit those virtues in which we honestly believe, and which it is our principal business as citizens and librarians to inculcate.

(Continued from page 8)

boundaries and those proposed by the Committee.

Gift

A gift of \$500.00 to the Michigan Library Association from Mr. and Mrs. Fyan was announced by Mrs. Fyan at the Saturday luncheon and the first \$100.00 of this gift was gratefully accepted at this time by Miss Young, the incoming President, in behalf of the Association.

Lucille Harwick, Secretary

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THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

By Jean Thomas*

Back in the good old 90's in our little mill town in the foothills of Kentucky, when dog fennel grew in the gutters of our unpaved streets, and an occasional horse and buggy came down the dusty road, and the sons of the rich rode by on high wheeled bicycles, then NICE girls could only teach school or take in sewing for a living. Lest the LADIES AID whisper behind their black lace half-handers. THEN girls left home only for one unspeakable reason. To give birth to a fatherless child.

But even before I was through the Third McGuffey Reader, I made up my mind. I didn't want to do what NICE girls did. I wanted to be a stenographer. Go out into the business world of our little town, work in offices with men. Learn things. Let the LADIES AID say what they would.

So when I got through High School Mother managed to borrow the money to send me to business school. By the time I finished, the supply of stenographers far exceeded the demand. Jobs were scarce as hen's teeth. And for THREE DOLLARS a week the stenographer was also required to have a slight knowledge of figures. My knowledge of figures was so slight I didn't last long at any job. When I applied for a job I feared to say I couldn't figure. Then when I got the job, they soon found me out.

There was the job with the wholesale grocery — they also sold hardware of all sorts. One day the fresh young shipping clerk came in to dictate to me. The shipping clerk — I was certain of it — he was wicked. He smoked cigarettes! Coffin nails, they were called then. He flicked the ash from his cigarette. He sat on the edge of my desk! His foot brushed my skirt. I could vow there was evil in his eye. He dictated: Dear Sirs: The bacon bellies ordered have gone forward. But the female bolts and bastard wrenches are out of stock.

Such language! I'd have that young fellow know, though we were poor, we were respectable. I was a NICE GIRL.

Blinded by tears I dashed out of the office.

Then there was the job with the Assessor. I did want to hold that job. I was deep in

debt. I still owed for my schooling and then, bless you, I had bought a typewriter on time, hoping to get work to do at home. Eager to hold this job I tried to help the Assessor with figures. I didn't last long there.

I was deep in DESPAIR. My debts hung heavily upon me.

Then — one day — up the walk to our cottage came a man! The handsomest man I had ever seen. NO — I didn't marry him. When he said he was looking for me and told me his name, I all but fell in a dead faint. He was Kentucky's most famous criminal lawyer — and a Circuit Judge.

The terrifying thought flashed through my mind that somehow in my efforts to help the Assessor I had been proven a THIEF. In the space of seconds, I was convicted, shackled, and sent to prison.

"Land sakes, woman, you're shakin' like you had the agger!" the Judge smiled, "a body would think you'd seen a haynt. I've come to offer you a job. A good one. Without figures. A job of court stenographer in the Kentucky mountains." I told him I had been fired again and again. I had never seen a court house. Much less had I ever heard a trial. The county seat at the Mouth of Big Sandy River was five miles away and I never had a nickel to ride the horse cars that far.

"Well," the Judge flung wide his expressive hands, "if I'm not afraid to risk you, you needn't be afraid to try the job. If at first you don't succeed, Try, Try, Again." His voice was music to my ears. I was ready to take the job then and there. He'd be back later for me, he said.

There was but one train a day to the way-side station from which I'd take a jolt wagon on to the county seat for the trial. The Judge would go horseback a shorter road.

When presently the judge came back, he picked up my dilapidated telescope — a grey canvas affair with worn leather straps — one lid telescoping over the other. It contained my few belongings. I carried my portable typewriter in one hand, brief case in the other — also bought on time.

* Jean Thomas, popularly known as "The Traipsin' Woman" is the founder and director of the American Folk Song Society — A daughter of the Kentucky Mountains, Miss Thomas has made her life's work that of perpetuating the Elizabethan Ballads — which she heard so often at gatherings of the Hill Folk in her childhood — and she has become the foremost purveyor of Mountain Music. Miss Thomas has written eight books and numerous magazine articles and has a Rockefeller Grant for her work with the Kentucky people. Recently she collaborated on the R.C.A. Victor release "Down in the Valley," the Kurt Weill folk opera. The article here printed is extracted from her talk at Mackinac.

At the gate I turned to look back. Mother stood on the porch. She waved the end of her checkered apron to me in farewell. I threw her a kiss. We hurried on — and little did I dream that I had set foot on the road to high adventure, the supreme adventure of my life.

Later I was to have time to reflect.

Indeed, when I journeyed ALONE at last in the jolt wagon into the mountains of Kentucky as a court stenographer, it was with misgivings, even with grave fear. Fear, because of the gruesome tales I had heard from childhood, of mountaineers blood thirsty and villainous hiding behind bushes and trees, shooting down an enemy for some old grudge. All my life, I had heard how these lawless men made whisky in the mountains—by moonlight—defying taxation, murdering revenue officers. How, I wondered, would these dangerous fellows look upon me, a woman court stenographer? Maybe they'd take matters into their own hands and put an end to me forthwith. I felt goose bumps creep up my spine. But it was too late to turn back.

It was almost dark that winter evening long ago when the rickety vehicle which brought passengers from the railroad station some thirty miles away halted in front of a ramshackle building in the shadow of the court house in a small mountain village which was my destination. By the weather beaten sign I knew it was the old Hawkins House to which the Judge had recommended me. I knew too that the old man in the doorway must be Lije Hawkins, the proprietor. So with my portable typewriter in one hand, brief case in the other, I, a lone traveler, alighted.

"You're the short writer, I reckon," Lije Hawkins looked at me suspiciously over his square rimmed spectacles as he took my luggage. "The Judge named it to me last court about you a-comin' here for BABE VINTON's trial. The Judge and the lawyers will be along tomorrow, I reckon." He led the way into the house and up the creaking stairs. He pushed open a door and put my luggage on the bed.

"You can take this room hure alongside BABE VINTON."

I stifled a scream. My room next door to BABE VINTON, the murderer!

"This hure room is a heap more comfortable. Its kinda back ag'in the mountainside. Not so windy hure."

The advantage of the room was lost upon me. I was sick with fear. It would have been bad enough to be under the same roof with a

murderer, but here was I, alone, helpless, with but a thin wall between us. Already I pictured the whisky-soaked ruffian with blood-shot eyes and tobacco stained beard.

"Woman, you look plum peekid. Tuckered out, I reckon. Well, the roads is turrible. You best come on down and have a hot snack of vittals."

"I am tired," I said, "too tired to eat." I lied heroically. Lije Hawkins took me at my word and went on down the stairs.

Night came at last. And with it more goose bumps! I examined the door. There wasn't even a lock on it. I banked the hearth fire and turning down the wick of the oil lamp I set about barricading my door. To be sure there was the ponderous four-poster. But I couldn't budge that. There was a wash stand with bowl and pitcher. I couldn't move that without rattling all the crockery. So I decided upon the old bureau. In its dim and broken glass I caught a glimpse of my reflection. I looked worse than peekid. Finally I succeeded in getting the bureau squarely across the door. I blew out the lamp and got into bed. Clothes, shoes and all. I lay there in the darkness shivering with fear. Waiting — I knew not for what.

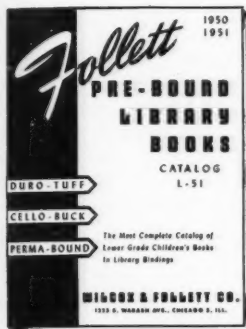
Suddenly in the stillness of the night far up on the mountainside came a song. It was from a young, a boyish throat. Musical and resonant it was. A voice that might have packed the Metropolitan. It echoed down the narrow valley. On he sang, a wistful tale of a man of high degree. Who risked his life on the surging main for one he loved, a lady fair. A lady fair of beauty bright with but a sil'er knife to save their lives.

The old tale, the voice of the singer, fascinated me. I forgot my fear. I crept out of bed and tip-toed to the window with my note book and pencil. That ballad was too fine to be lost! Resting my note book on the window sill, in the *moonlight* I took down verse after verse as the lad sang them. Finally the voice grew fainter and fainter. The last note died away. The singer had crossed over the mountain. I drew the curtain and got back into bed.

But — in the quiet darkness that old fear came over me again. The thought of Babe Vinton — the murderer — next door. For an ETERNITY I lay in that awful darkness. Grizzle bearded faces hovered over me, blood-thirsty eyes leered at me. The murderer — Vinton — thrust his fiendish face right through the looking glass of the old bureau. He had a

(Continued on page 20)

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(Continued from page 4)

to purchase from private ownership five years ago. The title to the property now rests in the name of the people of Michigan.

Following the demise of fur trading, other industries came into existence. Fishing flourished. That was long before conservation, fishing clubs or sportsmen's associations. For a ten cent piece an Island resident could walk down to the dock and purchase a whitefish to satisfy his family for a full meal.

At one time there were twenty-six cooper shops making barrels for the tons of fish shipped here from nearby waters for consignment to the eastern seaboard. The coopers were of Irish ancestry. Today the Douds, the Flanagans, the Corriganes, the O'Malleys and the McIntyres are prominent in the political philosophy of the community. It may be one of the reasons why a newer son of the Island, also of Irish extraction, continues to serve as "headman" of the Island's state political affairs, contrary, as some of you know, to the wishes of more than one of Michigan's chief executives.

After the termination of the fishing industry, Mackinac came into its own as a renowned international recreation area. A review of its unique political structure now becomes worthy of comment. It has long been disputed land. It was fought over between the white men and the Indians; it was fought over by the British and French in the early wars. It was one of the most bitterly contested outposts of treaty settlement following the War of the Revolution and its subsequent counterpart — The War of 1812.

After the defeats here and abroad of the French by the British, the Island became an English fortification. Fort Mackinac just across the golf course and Fort Holmes (formerly Fort George) were both constructed by the British.

In the winter of 1779 and 80 British soldiers, under their commanding officer, Lieut. Pat Sinclair, moved the structure across the hazardous ice from Mackinaw City to the Island. Here the mightiest fortress of the northwest was erected and manned by the military of Great Britain primarily as a defense post for the protection of the expanded industry of this rich territory.

One of the few major engagements ever lost by an American army took place on the field

you will pass on your carriage trip. A brilliant young officer, Major Andrew Hunter Holmes, was slain in battle in an effort to capture the Forts from the British. You will visit Fort Holmes, preserved for you by the State of Michigan.

Because of the inadequacy of transportation and meager communication, word of British surrender at the end of the Revolution did not reach the Island for a long time. So determined was Great Britain to hold and maintain Mackinac Island that a series of international conferences became necessary. Finally, in a treaty between the two nations executed in Canada in 1793, the Island became the property of the American government.

A regiment of the United States army occupied the Fort from then until 1895 when the troops were moved to the Soo and stationed at Fort Brady. The military reservation and adjoining national park were turned over to Michigan. It was in that same year that our Commission was created by the legislature, and all of the properties, responsibility and authority for its management and control were given to us. We pride ourselves in the properties and we jealously guard our prerogatives, sometimes to the point of harsh words and determined political tenacity.

Now for a word or so on the unique political structure which is rarely understood by visitors here.

Mackinac Island is a city in itself. It has a city government consisting of a mayor, councilmen, clerk, treasurer, assessor and a police department. The State Park, constituting about 75% of the Island, is located within the city, but unlike any other park in any other city, it is not under the jurisdiction of municipal law. We are a little government unto ourselves. We enjoy that unusual grant of authority by virtue of a law enacted by Congress in 1875 when it withdrew from the settlement occupancy all of the area then constituting a national park and the military establishment. Our commission has inherited the land, the buildings and the sole authority to run the government of the park as we deem proper.

As you drive through the quiet roads you will note a number of very fine summer residential structures. They are privately owned — that is, the buildings. They are located on lands owned by the state and leased for summer residential purposes. We permit no hotels, rooming houses or other commercial enterprises within the park proper. We adhere rigidly to the mandate of the Congress when it withdrew from business use that portion of the Island known as the Mackinac Island State Park.

You who are sojourning here in one of the country's finest summer hotels might be interested in a word of its origin and history.

The Grand Hotel is the culmination of the vision of the late United States Senator Stockbridge of Kalamazoo, who in 1880 — one hundred years after the Fort was erected — purchased the land on which this hotel is located. He vowed to create the finest summer hotel in the world. You who are enjoying its hospitality can attest the foresight of this great Michigan statesman. He helped do for Mackinac Island what Lewis Cass, first governor of the territory of Michigan, did to bring about the creation of our state and its admission to the union in 1837. When you drive over the East Bluff at the upper end of Mission Hill, you will view the Park Commission memorial built in honor of his work and his memory.

During your convention deliberations you will devote considerable time to the discussion of books and literature. Let me, therefore, leave with you only a fragmentary outline of the contribution Mackinac Island has made to them.

I realize it is primarily the literary appeal of our story which enthralls those of you, and your readers, who are familiar with this precious printed heritage entrusted to your care. This is literally the Plymouth Rock of the Middlewest; the settlement here is older than either Detroit or Chicago, and the libraries of the state carry a rich lode of historical gold, constantly being mined by such authors as Iola Fuller, who won a Hopwood Award with her Mackinac story, *Loon Feather*. Of universal appeal to old and young alike, she poetically presents the lore which formed the background of a girl born of an Indian mother and French father, typical of the early days here.

The Victorian counterpart of *Loon Feather* was the novel *Anne*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson, famous author in her own right, niece of James Fenimore Cooper. I hope you will all see "Anne's Tablet", situated on the bluff just east of the Fort, the bronze tablet erected in the author's memory by her nephews, who engaged a nationally known landscape architect to design this memorial. She came here with these nephews, soldiers stationed at the Fort. On the stone seats in this myrtle covered grotto are inscribed the titles of all her books. *Anne* is

interesting to modern readers because of the details given of the Fort and of the Mission House and School, of the Island itself as it was 75 years ago.

Miss Woolson recounts the fact that funds were raised in New England to build this Mission on behalf of the welfare of the Indian children. Unfortunately, after ten or twelve years, the educational project was abandoned for lack of pupils, and the former school became our first leading hotel. Here it was in a room in the East wing, that Edward Everett Hale tells that he is waiting in the Old Mission House on Mackinac Island for the packet on which he is to take his departure, when he picked up a New York newspaper — and he's off, on his now famous tale of *The Man Without a Country*.

My daughter's favorite novel is Julia Cooley Altrocchi's *Wolves Against the Moon*, concerning Joseph Baillie, the French Canadian founder of a famous family branching into Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Cynthia has been attending Mills College in Oakland, California. Last fall she got in touch with Mrs. Altrocchi, whose husband is a professor of Italian in the University of California, formerly at the University of Chicago. Mrs. Altrocchi invited her to their Thanksgiving dinner, and told how she had first become interested in her hero at Indiana Harbor, one of Baillie's bases of operation. A few photostatic records about him are on view at the Museum at the Fort for your inspection. There are stories about him and his family recorded in the two volume edition, now out of print, of Wood's *Historic Mackinac*. Mr. Wood was a predecessor of mine as the Chairman of this Commission, and as a matter of fact built our summer residence here on Cass Cliff. His volumes offer no narrative account of the Island, but rather a vast collection of source material taken from historic records.

Mackinac has its own roster of "career women" whose lives are briefly sketched in Wood's book, in particular three women, daughters of outstanding Indian women, who married white men. Mrs. David Mitchell was one of these, who made a fortune in the fur trade, was the wife of the English surgeon at the Fort, the mother of eight children. Another was Madame La Fraboise, wife of a French trader situated in the Muskegon area. Her son-in-law, Captain Benjamin Pierce, commandant of the Fort and brother of the president of the United States, supervised the construction of her home just west of the Catholic church, where she is buried. The third, and of greatest interest to you, is Mrs. Henry Schoolcraft, wife of the internationally recognized historian who furnished Longfellow with the data for "Hiawatha". Schoolcraft first came into this territory on an expedition with Lewis Cass, and returned later to the Soo, where he married Irene Johnston, granddaughter of an Indian Chief Wabojee, and daughter of an Irish explorer. Mrs. Schoolcraft herself wrote some poetry which has been preserved, and no doubt was the greatest help and inspiration in interpreting to her husband the mores of her people. Congress commissioned Schoolcraft, in his later years, to write some 57 volumes preserving his collected material on the Indian of the northwest. He lived here for 8 years, as an Indian agent for the government, on the site where the schoolhouse is now located.

In passing, I would like to pay my respects to the latest book off the press, *When Michigan Was Young*, by Petoskey's 83 year old author, Ethel Rowan Fasquelle, which will augment the too scantily filled library shelves on Michigan history for the general reader. And speaking of Petoskey, when you are passing through, be sure and stop in to see Miss Kelborn's book store, especially her fine collection of Indian prints, collectors' items taken from the first edition of McKenney and Halls' two volume study on American Indians. The lithographs are in color, original paintings by artists commissioned by Congress to portray the last of the great Indian chiefs, many of whom were depicted in white men's garb.

I've indicated a very few of the many books which will help you to enjoy this convention in retrospect, and hope they will intrigue your interest and cooperation in spreading a wider knowledge of this beautiful and romantic tourist mecca.

My remarks so far have been sketchy. They are informally assembled. Before I close this paper, let me hurriedly tell you what we, to whom has been delegated a sacred public trust, endeavor to do on your behalf.

Each one of the six commissioners, who serve without compensation or any other form of remuneration, are determined to resist those constantly recurring efforts on the part of commercially minded citizens who would modernize this most beautiful, romantic and historic shrine. Only within the past week have we resolved to call upon every possible agency of state and federal

government to help us destroy in its inception a subtle and quietly growing movement to institute the use of motor driven vehicles in the place of horse drawn transportation.

We call upon the librarians as we call upon the other good citizens of Michigan who are devout in their hopes that many of the fine things in the way of preservation, reconstruction and restoration of Michigan's historic landmarks will not come to an end in this fast moving world.

We call upon the librarians to help us preserve the quiet and sanctity of Old Fort Mackinac where brave sons of the American flag in the uniform of their country defended the ancient waterways of the North and the lands which one day would become important in the industries of mining, lumbering and technology.

We call upon the librarians to assist us and lend their support to the perpetuation of a State Park that makes available to every man, woman and child in every walk of life the rare and natural beauties which God has given to Mackinac Island.

We call upon you to place in the forefront of your bookshelves the written history and the legends of this area so that our children and their children will not soon forget that here, located at the heart of the Great Lakes, within the waterline boundaries of these 2700 acres where the American flag has flown continuously since 1816, was the early commerce which created a new western civilization.

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(Continued from page 16)

gun in his hand. It was pointed straight at me. There was a loud bang!

"Kiver up your head, Sis. And I'll come in and make your foir!" the husky voice of Lije Hawkins called from the doorway.

I sat up with a start. The sunlight streamed through the window and danced upon the patchwork quilt upon my bed. The smell of bacon and corn bread came up from the kitchen.

"Wait a moment!" I called. Hurriedly I moved the old bureau enough so that the proprietor of the Hawkins House could squeeze through the door. The old fellow took in the situation at a glance. There was a look of injured pride on his face. "I don't aim to have my folks slurred in no sich fashion!" He shook a condemning finger at the silent evidence of my mistrust, then he yanked the old bureau back to its place against the wall. He turned on me.

"Woman, this hure is betwixt me and you. It won't never go no funder. I'd die afore Babe Vinton shall ever know it."

Soon he had the fire glowing on the hearth, and was talking pleasantly while I gathered together my note books and pencils.

"Woman, I take it you ain't follered the law for long around hure," there was a note of tolerance in his voice. Pity for my ignorance. "You're strange to us mountain people."

Just then the voice of a young lad called from the half open door. "Hure, Uncle Lije, is a kittle of hot water for the short-writer. I'm satisfied the water in that thar pitcher is frizz plum hard."

"Fotch hit in, Babe!" called Lije Hawkins. The door opened wide. I gripped the old bureau as Lije Hawkins said proudly, "This hure is Babe Vinton!"

And I — wide-eyed — speechless, beheld the finest looking mountain boy that I have ever seen. He bowed to me as graciously as a

knight before the Queen. He put the steaming tea kettle on the hearth and was gone.

"I reckon you hear-ed him a-singin' last night," said Lije Hawkins. "Babe claimed he were goin' over the mountain to see his folks. But eh law, I'm satisfied he's courtin'. I know the signs. He were singin' love ditties all the way thar and back too, I reckon. But ginst he got back here, I were sleepin' sound as a sick kitten aginst a hot jam rock. I take delight in hearin' Babe Vinton sing love ditties and strum the dulcimore. Come to playin' the dulcimore, Babe Vinton don't valley no man. But hit's a plum shame. He's seventeen year old and can't write his name. Has to make his mark." Lije Hawkins shook his head sadly and turned away.

* * * * *

Not long after Babe Vinton's acquittal, I went to Hell For Sartin. That's the name of a place in the Kentucky mountains. I had gone there to take depositions in a line fight case. We, of the Kentucky mountains, still squabble over the dividing line between our land and that of our neighbors. I was typing away in the law office of the leading lawyer of the community — he at one time had been a County Judge and still proudly clung to the title. As I typed I began unconsciously singing one of the ballads Babe Vinton had taught me. I was getting along fine, I thought, on about the tenth verse — there are sometimes as many as twenty or more verses. When suddenly behind me I heard a thin, piping voice: "Is the judge around?"

Turning, I saw in the doorway a little old lady clad in a dark calico dress that dangled about her feet. She peered at me from beneath her dilapidated flat-bonnet. About the stooped shoulders there was a frayed and faded breakfast shawl. The wrinkled hands clutched a gnarled staff. That old lady must have been every day of ninety.

"Won't you come in and wait a while, the Judge will be along directly." I drew up a chair for her and she sat down. We talked for a while, then presently she confided to me the purpose of her visit.

"My man, Alamander, he's been alookin' in strange pastures. I knowed it for a right smart spell. Well, if Alamander, ain't a-wantin' me, I ain't a-wantin' him. That's my independence! And I don't keer nary wight for him a-goin' off with his doney, but he taken my piedy heifer." The little grey eyes blinked with righteous indignation. At the quaint speech of her my interest leaped high. Surely,

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thought I, she must know some old ballads too. But before the question could be formed the little old woman leaned forward and whispered with conscientious wistfulness.

"Woman, do you reckon hit's harm for a body to sing them thar song-ballets like you wuz a-singin'? I were standin' outside yonder, listenin' all the time. I al'lus had a favorance for that song-ballet. I tried to sing hit once. But Alamander putt a stop to hit. Sez he, 'Emmaline, I'll have no sich singin' of Devil's Ditties under this roof!' But eh law, I got a heap of 'em up yonder. And now, bein' as Alamander's gone off with his doney, I'm aimin' to satisfy my cravin'. I allow to sing a song-ballet whenever I'm a-mind to."

So there in the ramshackle office of the Judge, old Aunt Emmaline sang for me in her inimitable fashion, many a rare and lovely Elizabethan ballad, tapping time with her gnarled staff and patiently going over and over again the hard places until I "ketched hit right."

On one occasion I went far up a lonely hollow to take statements of land owners for a timber cruiser. Darkness overtook me so I stayed the night with Aunt Arimathea and Uncle Bogg.

When supper was over she washed the few

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pieces of cracked and broken china while I dried them. With her hands in the dish water the little old woman surveyed me. "Woman, I've tuck a likin' to you. You're common!"

I turned in quick surprise. The cup fell from my hands.

"You're for all the world like home folks," she added, and I could see she was proudly conscious of having paid me the highest praise within her power.

Briskly she wiped the red oil cloth table cover, with the soapy dish rag, threw the dish water out the door, and I — just like home folks, up with the broom and swept the crumbs out to the chickens.

When darkness truly came she lighted the little oil lamp — guiltless of chimney — placed it on the middle of the red oil clothed table and we sat quietly while Uncle Bogg read a chapter or two from the Good Book. After that we all went out on the stoop. Uncle Bogg tilted back against the wall in his straight hickory chair, Aunt Arimathea on a low stool complacently puffing on her little clay pipe. I sat on the step rock at her feet.

It was a quiet moonlight night — with now and then a cricket's chirp, the call of a whip-poor-will far up the lonely hollow.

Then it was that Uncle Bogg fell to talking no end upon the wickedness of the world — a grim Apostle of the Book was Uncle Bogg — of the dangers of hell's foir, of the sins of the fathers being visited upon the children of the third and the fourth generation.

Suddenly far up that lonely hollow came the plaintive voice of a child singing a lonesome tune:

I wish I were a little sparrow

And I had wings and I could fly

I caught the strain at once, so did Aunt Arimathea. So did Uncle Bogg.

"Thar's Louellen's Crippled Saul — a-start-in' on them thar Devil's Ditties agin!" he scowled darkly from his shaggy brows.

The next morning before sunup — for women do not walk a mountain road by night — I was on my way over the mountain to see Louellen's Crippled Saul.

So it was my quest of balladry which led me along lovely creeks, into quiet hollows to search out another ballad singer, a banjo player, a fiddler, a dulcimer strummer.

PROBLEMS IN COMMUNITY LIVING

Problems in Community Living will be the subject of a state-wide project for discussion by the Social Civic Education Com-

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mittee of the Michigan Council on Adult Education.

The committee is currently sponsoring a project known as "Basic Conservation Education." In many communities, local organizations have concerned themselves with various aspects of this problem, such as water pollution, air pollution, conservation of natural resources, use of outdoor resources for recreation and education. This project will be continued during the next year.

The state-wide project in "Problems in Community Living" is organized so that public school adult education departments, state organizations, and community lay groups might organize study groups to examine various aspects of this problem as might seem appropriate to the local situation. Three major sub-divisions of this general topic have been suggested by the Social Civic Education Committee. They are:

1. *Meeting the Needs of Older Youth.* Communities are trying to meet the educational, recreational, and economic needs of out-of-school youth. What is a community college and how can it be organized? What other organized plans for solving these problems can be developed by communities rather than depending upon emergency programs such as the C.C.C., N.Y.A., and the U.M.T.?
2. *Economic, Social, and Political Changes in Cultural Patterns.* Communities are facing problems of population changes, improvement of local and state government, law enforcement, health problems, farm subsidies, federal aid to education, increasing taxation, transportation. How can local communities make best use of available data in these areas?
3. *Involvement of the Community in Problems of American Leadership in the World.* All American citizens are anxious to learn more about problems of international relations and how they can take part in making decisions. How can citizens in local areas make effective contributions to national decisions?

The committee is proposing that local groups, before undertaking organized study and discussion conduct a survey of the community in terms of its special interests and needs in order to adjust the project to local conditions. Suggestions may be obtained from the Department of Adult Education, University of Michigan or the Department of Public Instruction, Lansing.

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HOME PRODUCT

Avery Hopwood, who left part of his fortune from writing plays to his alma mater to encourage literature, would have enjoyed *A Man from South Dakota*. This rugged drama of man against the elements won the Hopwood Non-Fiction Award last year at the University of Michigan and has now been published by Dutton.

Though the title and the tale brand the book as "regional" it has much of local interest for Michigan readers. George S. Reeves starts his autobiography in June, 1926, as he was graduating from Lit School at Ann Arbor. From there he returned to his South Dakota ranch to begin a 22-year battle with drouth, coyotes, bureaucracy, sheep, blizzards and a land he learned to hate and love.

Because the land produced a bare living, and because he wanted to write, Reeves staked all his capital on a trip east in the spring of 1941. A publisher offered a \$10,000 prize for a first book, and Reeves was convinced 15 years of sheep ranching had provided him with plot, characters and motivation. A classmate found him a room in Monroe, he had the guidance of his favorite English professor at Ann Arbor nearby and in two months he banged out an 80,000 word book.

It didn't win first prize, but it brought an urgent request from the publisher to be rewritten. Pearl Harbor intervened, and the South Dakota ranch became a factory for food and wool in the arsenal of democracy. Not till after harvest in 1948 did Reeves have another chance to write; this time he returned to Ann Arbor to reenter the college he had quitted in 1926. In June the rewritten battle report of lean and fat years won the Hopwood Contest.

A Man from South Dakota is dedicated to Roy and Mabel Cowden. Professor Cowden, "who for 24 years has nourished me in the belief that the expression of truth is worthy of labor and sacrifice," as Reeves notes in the book, has been in charge of the Hopwood Contests on the University campus since their inception. Under his skilled tutelage many a Michigan author has blossomed into print.

Anyone who has lived on a farm, or wanted to live on the land, will cherish Reeves' account of the conversion of an A.B. degree into competency in raising sheep, and the knack of gaining more than seed from the soil. This is a wholesome slice of America, written with a sincerity that bites and a poignancy that tightens the vocal chords.

Karl F. Zeisler, Assistant Editor, *Monroe Evening News*

ROCKEFELLER GRANTS

The Rockefeller Foundation has granted Michigan State College \$30,000 for a group of historical studies on midwestern culture.

One of the studies approved by the college committee will concern the development of state libraries in the midwest with particular attention to the Michigan State Library. This study will be under the direction of Mrs. Loleta D. Fyan. \$1,300 has been granted for expenses incidental to the research work involved.

Another study will be made by Jackson E. Towne, Librarian, Michigan State College Library. This will be a history of state college and university libraries in states bordering the Great Lakes.

Funds for additional research are still available. Anyone interested can obtain more information from Mr. Russel B. Nye, Secretary, Committee on Midwestern Studies Fund, Department of English, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Michigan.

The Michigan State Library will also be interested in hearing about any suggestions or recommendations for additional studies.

CONFERENCE CHUCKLES

The discreet half dollar each waiter put on his little plate at the end of the banquet Friday . . . the outsize topical (sic) flower on Alta Parks . . . Mrs. Dearing spoon-feeding Mrs. Hagerman from her Grand Hot Peach Cobbler with Cream (Mrs. H, as usual, had chosen a double chocolate ice cream) . . . Jean Johnson in the square dancing at the village firemen's ball straining to keep up with Mackinac's younger set . . . the Children's and School Librarians passing their new constitution without a single objection at breakfast before the coffee had time to wake them up . . . the trustee talent turned up for the sociodramas, to say nothing of the librarians . . . Mate Graye Hunt the only one on her feet when Otto Yntema invited all those with arthritis, varicose veins or an aversion to new ideas to get out before the discussion of "The Missing 90%" began . . . the gallant efforts of Richard Chase to help the major part of his audience make the boat . . . and a final whiff as we left the island of its pervading aroma of uninhibited horse.

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